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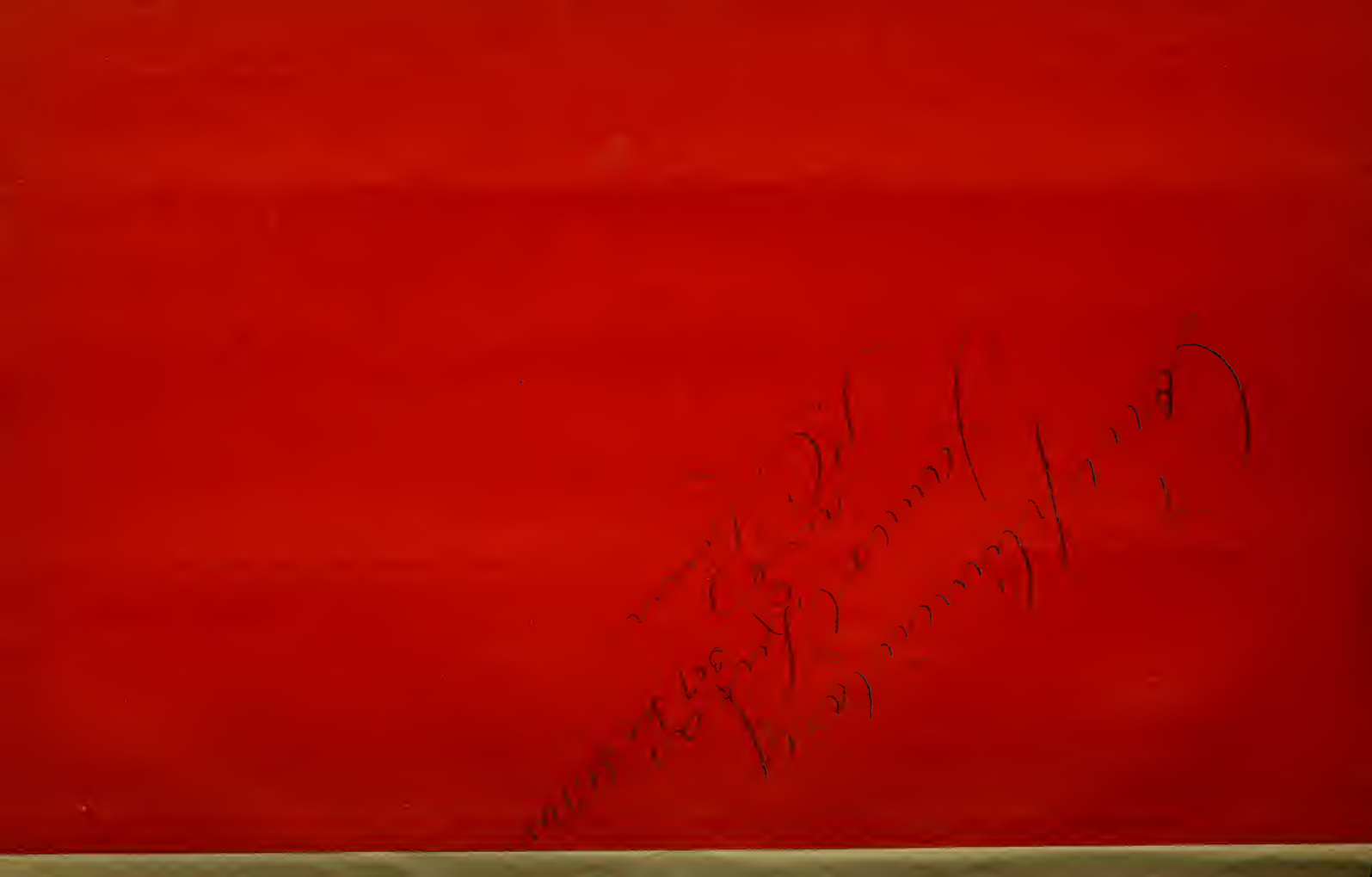
THE BEQUEST OF
DANIEL MURRAY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1925

Two-Part Songs

BY
JAMES O. LUCAS
AND
P. C. PINN



97

TWO-PART SONGS

308
L95

By
JAMES O. LUCAS
and
P. C. PINN

FIRST EDITION

1912
MURRAY BROS. PRINTING CO. Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The bequest of
Daniel Murray,
Washington, D. C.
1925.

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PART I

By

James O. Lucas

19 Aug 73

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FOREWORD

RESENTING the lines and rhymes, herein contained, we half-way suspect that most people would pay a deal more than the assesed charge of this volume to have such simple, senseless lays swept from the scenes of their surroundings.

We shall not murmur or complain at such. We realize we have tresspassed in forbidden fields and hallowed ground.

We shall merely hope that we might be made aware that one person out of the million may be impressed with the sincerity and good intent of our efforts.

DOUGLASS.

And one there was whose pen and tongue
  Reached millions in appealing
For bondmen, loud his voice has rung,
  To selfish ends ne'er yielding.

Great Douglass, we, our tribute bring,
  And praise thy grand endeavor
To help a people higher still,
  And teach them goodness ever.

COLUMBUS.

(*For Discovery Day, October* 12.)

The people in Columbus' day believed the earth to be
Flat like a plate and hedged about by dark and dreaded sea.
Beyond the main, the wisest men, with all their learning great,
Could not conceive this earth of ours formed in globular state.

Columbus' day, with learning crude, had not attained degree
Of learning quite sufficient for geographers to see
How, sailing on o'er ocean tide, a circuit true was made,
Till he declared, and for the plan of proving, sought some aid.

Few, with Columbus great, agreed, none bravely dared essay,
To India, with its riches rare, to win a western way.
Our hero suffered much, we read, of mean neglect and scorn,
And wandered, weary, here and there, for years and years
  forlorn;

Till patient and persistent 'suits secured for him the ear
Of those, who fathered and financed his journey over here.
With crafts, a prey for wind and wave, and seamen scarcely
  learned,
In nautical affairs, heroes for smaller ventures yearned.

He never recked the deed he did, when, breasting all the rage
Of wind and wave, and seamen scared, and dogmas of the age,
He pushed his prows on to the west; none knew that he had
  found
A new world, vaster, fairer far, and proved the world is round.

Upon these shores, this clime, the land of his discovery
Was born, and grows, and prospers proud, the land of Old Glory.
And as we laud our heroes, great, we'll always shower, down,
Our praise on brave Columbus, world's discoverer of renown.

A SLAVE'S DETERMINATION.

In those days so dark and dreary,
When were heaped upon a people
Of this nation, galling, bitter,
Pangs of cruel oppression's laws,
When from man all rights were taken,
When he labored but for others,
In the fields of cotton reaped great
Fortunes for a master's cause.

Then were galaxies of heroes
Black, who 'gainst the tide of troubles
Struggled, sought surcease of sorrow,
Under lashes, scourges sore,
Galaxies of braves, unselfish,
Found, who fought for mitigation
Of the punishment unjustly
Meted loved ones o'er and o'er.

Such was Moses, stalwart, sturdy,
Oft despising man's dominion
O'er a fellow creature when it
Meant the loss of creature pride.
Hating, spurning, much despising
Sinful scenes of slavery, still
Watching, longing, oft conniving,
God's right hand yet at his side.

Thus, while hedged by strict surveillance
In employ of the Confederates
Much alert, he sized his chances
To desert the rebel ranks
Where he toiled on, daily drudging,
Driving teams of commissaries,
Spending time and spending self in
Moil and labor with no thanks.

How he found, at last, occasion,
Breasting storm and other dangers,
Meeting situations fraught with
Perils, pains, and rough reverse;
Dared the raging Rappahannock,
Stole by sleeping guards at bridges,
How he oft slept unprotected,
Shall these ragged rhymes rehearse.

Large brigades of the Confederates
Gathered for impending conflict
For the mastery at Bull Run,
'Mongst whom Moses tended teams.
And while hauling commissaries
O'er the fateful field beleaguered,
Himself armed and for the battle
Ready, should it to them seem

That it might be necessary
Every man amongst them numbered
Should desert his real duty
For the greater one of fight;
Shouldering he his Springfield musket,
Served the wagon train on either
Filled his place upon the fire-line
Here or there, and busy quite.

Filling thus his dual duties,
His attention much divided,
Lost he traces of his erstwhile
Faithful mules which took their flight
From the stake where they were tethered,
From the copious trough supplied well,
They were lured to wilder wanderings,
Of their whereabouts no light.

Now his search began in earnest;
With the genius of a Crusoe,
He, a bridle made of grapevines
Tightly twined, with no weak flaws;
Through the solitary forest,
Roaming here and there and anon
Laid he plans for his escaping
To his goal—the Union cause.

Now he reached the Rappahannock,
Rising, swelling, swift descending,
Found it opportune to cross the
Bridge, the main guard not awake;
And the others pacing blandly,
Thus, presumed he had his passports
To the other side and asked him
Not which way he meant to take.

Pleased was he with this adventure,
Pleased to find himself located
With the Union cohorts, pleased to
Render there, his valorous aid,

Pleased were they at his arrival,
Pleased to see his noble daring,
Pleased to praise the outcome of his
Ruse by which escape was made.

Here he shouldered now his musket,
Did his military duty
As his heart had often yearned to
Render, when by force detained
'Mongst the enemies of freedmen,
By the foes of righteous freedom,
Over where his wife and loved ones
'Neath oppression still remained.

Did he now forget his charges,
Those to whom he owed protection,
Kind, paternal, and the wife who
Shared his hopes for rights deferred?
Never, while to him was granted
Brawn and strength to cover distance,
And a nerve to weather tides, so
Treacherous, as their roar was heard.

Little show he had of reaching
To the other side, his object
On a fence-rail raft which he had
Made and with grapevines secured.
Onward in the raging water,
Churned by torrents, pitter, patter,
Sped, to danger, death, destruction,
Thither, seemed it, he was lured.

Guided with his thoughts as paddles,
And the lesser aid, a fence rail,
Still depending on diviner
Guidance, leadership and care,
Gliding with the fitful current,
Toward the other bank approaching,
Soon he neared sufficiently to
Draw himself to drier air.

Bridling, then, a kind horse pastured
In a field he had to trespass,
He was soon lodged 'mongst his people,
Hidden from the searching eyes
Of his anxious searching masters,
Who would stricter watch keep on him,
Could they only lay hold on him,
Of his lot could none surmise.

Maybe down to Louisiana,
Or to darker Mississippi,
Where the bondman's chance of 'scaping
Ever dark and darker grew;
There, like beast, or thing, a chattel,
There, to toil and toil in cotton,
There to get unmeasured stripes, yea,
Maybe he'd be sold—none knew.

Under cover of the darkness,
Over solitary reaches,
Crossing bridges left unguarded,
With his folks he journeyed hence;
Toward the Union ranks far distant,
Toward the friends of suffering bondmen,
With his little ones and wife, he
Went, still led by Providence.

Like the Trojan true, Aeneas,
Flying, fleeing fallen Troy,
Shouldering with filial love, his
Weak and helpless parent old,
Plodded on the patient soldier,
Slave, when rescuing his party
From the throes of thralldom, broke through
Barriers, besting one less bold.

Wearied was he with his wanderings,
Wearied were his wife and children,
Hardly strong enough to cope with
Troub'lous tortures, taxing sore,
When they reached the Union bivouac,
Needing rest, and needing shelter,
Hardly realizing all the
Perils past, and yet not o'er.

They were welcomed 'mongst our soldiers,
'Mongst our country's brave defenders,
'Mongst the "Boys in Blue" were hailed with
Shouts of praise, and shouts of cheer;
Feasting now on army hardtacks,
Camping there with meagre comfort,
Dwelt in silent satisfaction,
Free from hate and free from fear.

Useful were they to the legion,
Heroine, her part pursuing,
Cooking, cleaning, mending, any-
Thing that fell unto her hand;

Well she earned her family's rations
By the duties which she did as
Soldier wife, and truly now a
Woman patriot of the land.

With the Union forces stayed our
Moses, till the sanguine conflict
Ended, got our Nation's "Well done,"
For the parts he played so well:
Entered roles of civil duty,
Loved and honored, quite respected,
Musing oft upon those feats, so
Stirring, which he loved to tell.

THE TENTH CAVALRY.

Boys in blue are coming, coming,
With their trophies of the war,
Sabres clanking, banners humming
In the breeze, flying far and near.

Fame few feats records more glorious
Than the Tenth in action did,
Though from hist'ries mostly absent,
Tho' from public often hid.

Las Guasimas knew their marches
With Rough Riders,—regulars,
Knew how, dauntless, they met dangers,
Got their share of heroes' scars.

Berry, brave, the color sergeant,
Won the credit for the Tenth,
Bearing, to the front and onward,
Guidons of two regiments,

Shouting to the boys to follow,
"Dress the flag, boys! Dress the flag!"
Cared not, feared not Hotchkiss rifle,—
His ensign, nought but a rag.

For Old Glory, breasting Mausers,
For their country fighting fast;
Missing comrades as they faltered
O'er the fallen, swept they past.

San Juan records their story,
How, headlong, to save the day,
Rushed they, uphill, to the rescue
Of Rough Riders in the fray.

'Gainst their name no blot's recorded,
Stationed in the Orient:—
Order not excelled by any
Of our nation's regiments.

Sing they not to their own glory,
Content with their duty done;
Satisfied to let their story
From mute comrades' graves be rung.

On their way to quiet duty
In the rugged Green Mountain State,
Nation, you do well to honor
Them and praise them at high rate.

Give them dances, feasts, and welcome
Home to Ethan Allen post,
When it's over, every soldier
To the last is ready, most

Strange for companies given freedom,
Not one tardy, to return
To the minute, to his duty,
And for camp life does each yearn.

Fortunate, our country guarded
By our horsemen, brave troops, these,
And our nation's other legions:
In our homes we dwell at ease.

ON THE CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

Ye permanent homes of the sages, whose wisdom and worth ever shine!
Ye strong, pillared portals e'er waiting, and willing to welcome all!
Ye fountains of knowledge, perennial, rejuvenating the mind!
Ye storehouses rich, of the ages! To-day, rapt, we list to thy call.

Ye monitors, stern, of true ethics! Ye granaries of goodly thought!
Ye keepers of prized information, culled, garnered for great human needs!
Ye treasuries of the vast riches, by no lucre may e'er be bought!
Ye strong beacon lights to the learners! Ye stockrooms of valorous deeds!

Ye Meccas for those who are thirsty, and craving to follow the light!
Ye teachers of things, universal, to gath'rers before thy blest shrines!
Ye ministers, marshalling forces, 'gainst absence of knowledge to fight!
Ye gifts of the worthy whose riches thus scatters broadcast 'long the line,

For all, universities wholesome, their stern occupations all done,—
That they, each and all, deep imbibing, from volumes which therein will stay,
May quaff the sweet yields of these fountains, may study, learn, read as they run,
That they may dispel grim uncouthness, and drive lack of knowledge away!

Now, here, in these libraries gathered, with toilers of years that are past,
Here they, living still in these confines, by the influence which they have shed,
Though bodily dead or far distant, yet after them lights still are cast,
Refulgently beaming on others,—minds, anxious, that by them are fed.

Our gratitude show by real effort, by these lib'ral gifts, much inspired,
Determined that industry, learning, achievement great, never may pale;
And hard, striving 'gainst retardation, with each one for common weal fired,
We'll hail to the giver, grand worker, world's friend, good Carnegie, all hail!

ON THE DOUGLASS MONUMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Bòrn in a poor, lowly cabin,
Far down in Tuckahoe,
Parents unknown and so humble,
Fourscore and ten years ago,
Garmented ever in tatters,
Enough, scarce, to keep himself warm,
Douglass began an existence,
Breasting life's trials and storm.

Loved for his mind and his talent,
E'en while a strippling quite small,
Quick at his errands and duties,
Ready to heed every call:
Though often fighting, contesting
Dogs for a morsel of food,
Learned he, yet, some from his mistress,
Endowed with a small spark of good.

Oft' treated harsh and unkindly,
Colored boys, then, always must
Gleaming before him, a future
Gave hope, there, put he, his trust.
'Gainst the State laws of the South then,
Stole he some chances to read;
Then, on an upturned old barrel
Script was next mastered, indeed.

Older, and wiser, more thoughtful,
Planned he this hell to escape,
Fleeing to Northland for refuge,
To the freeland, the Empire State.
Self-helped, by efforts and culture,
Made he himself near supreme,
In mental, and moral endowments,
And enterprise not at all mean.

Shoulder to shoulder with Phillips, and
Sumner, and Garrison great,
And others for time we can't mention,
Still love we and praise at high rate.
He worked, wrote, orated for others,
Freedom for them tried to haste,
Great labors, heeded by crowned heads,
Works that will ne'er come to waste.

Rochester loves now his mem'ry,
Lauding his labors so grand,
Placing an effigy, fitting,
A monument worthy, to stand:
Manuscript, partly unfolded,
Graceful gesture, some truth to impress,
Though dead, it would seem he yet liveth,
Bearer of hopes to distressed.

Grave wisdom of that hoary forefront,
Thousands admiringly see,—
Rochester's tribute to genius,—
Learning in our race must be
Things worthy, noble, and upright,
In learning and elegance true,
Worthy for others to follow, and
Strive ever some good to do.

THE GREAT VIRGINIAN.

Very far o'er the sea lived a king long ago,
Who intended this land to enslave,
By imposing on them heavy taxes and laws,
Such, that sanction, true justice ne'er gave:
So we needed a hero to guide.
Growing restless, uneasy, resentful, this land
Rose in weakness,—in valor its strength,—
Individual courage, and self-sacrifice,
Marked the men of this land its whole length,
In courageous deeds, thus, each one vied.

Such was Attucks, who poured forth his blood in the fray,
The first martyr in '75.
Such were Adams and Henry, with tongue and with pen,
Speakers who would debate and contrive
To inflame the American heart.
But of all, the one greatest, who came to the fore,
Ever ready with counsel or gun,
Was the stalwart Virginian, who bore a great hand,
Leader, counsel, statesman,—all in one;
In war craft, he knew every art.

As the rain in the summer's the source of the brook,
As the seed's the incipient tree,
As the ocean greyhound from the Clermont evolved,
As from seed-thoughts creations we see,
So was he, of this nation, a soul:

And upon the firm rock of his judgment were built
Institutions which here now, we see,
In the Treasury, State, and Department of War,
In the works of our Congress where be
Plans which Washington's models control.

The great Washington, savior of this, our land,
With the help of a counselling Heaven,
Rendered deeds, in the future projected with land,
Unto his words, so wise, heed was given:
His name we extol e'er with pride.
And when dread of grim dangers, this land shall enthrall,
Clouds of war the horizon bedim;
And when measures of State shall calm judgment require,
In our minds we revert e'er to him,
The great general, and statesman and guide.

The great Washington, father of this, our land,
By effectual prayers up to Heaven
Rendered deeds that shine out while the ages shall roll,
And implanted his name as a leaven
In our land's starlit chamber of fame.
So we honor, to-day, his achievement and worth,
So we offer our paeans of praise,
So we gather to 'view and extol his great deeds,
That his noble example might raise
Hope in those who would seek a good name.

ODE TO THE FLAG.

O, field so blue! O, stars so true!
Thou Red and White, we honor you:
Beneath thy fold, our heroes bold,
Fought, bled, and now rest 'neath the mold.
To-day we gather here and 'view
The story how this ensign drew
Lovers of freedom and of right,
Our land's true grandeur, and her might.

O, banner fair! O, emblem rare!
Thy thrills and hopes none else compare.
Thou welcomest all to dwell with thee,
And breathe our land's sweet liberty.
May peoples from thy story learn
How fires of patriotism burn,
And how thou of'rest hopes to rise,
To him in whom true endeavor lies.

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD YEAR AND WELCOME THE NEW YEAR.

Adieu to the days that were dreary,
  Adieu to the days that were bright,
That composed' the year now departing,
  A year partly gray, partly light!

Good-bye to the lights and the shadows,
  Good-bye to the joys and the pains,
That were fruits of the year swiftly fleeting,
  With all of its suns and its rains!

Farewell to the tidbits of pleasure,
  Farewell to the trials so sore,
Farewell omnipresent mutations
  Of days that will face us no more!

A welcome, glad welcome, thrice welcome!
  Thrice welcome to thee, glad New Year,
With thy promises full and assuring,
  Of chances to aid and to cheer!

To our institutions of culture
  For men, either aged or young,
Bringing messages bright, for a future,
  Thou, sweet New Year bells, loud have rung!

With promises sure and refulgent,
  Of acts of endeavor, for good,
Joyous, welcome, thrice welcome, glad New Year!
  Bring with thee world-wide brotherhood.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The wintry winds are smiting the earth and all around
With nipping, biting, frosty smacks, by snowdrifts freighted down:
The busy ax is ringing out in the forest wild,
To hew some fir for the delight of a deserving child.

With mantles, thick and heavy,—its ringlets, white and cold,—
The fir tree stands delighted with its mission made to hold
The trinkets, toys, attractions, in hues so bright or mild,
Assembled 'midst its sombre green, for a deserving child.

In warm hot days of summer, so patient it awaits;
In coldest days of winter, ever sleep it spurns,—it hates,—
E'er glad to keep its color, when dry leaves 'round are piled,
And on that holy night be decked to praise the holy Child.

Upon the Christmas morning, when eager eyes awake,
The tree joins in their joy as they view treats which their eyes make
Dilate, displaying pleasure,—delights beyond degree:—
Hail, children! greet with joy the day! we thank thee, green fir tree.

THE ELECTRIC FAN, OR THE TREES, WHICH?

With its curves, and its brass, and enamel,
With its wires, and its coils, and its screens,
With its buzz, and its hum, and its flutter,—
A most wonderful little machine.

Making noise that is almost distracting,
With its buzz, and its buzz, and its hum,
By its flutter, and flutter, and flutter,
So, are made little breezes to come.

And, indeed, are these breezes most welcome,
On the sizzling and hot summer days,
When no trace of a breeze will be stirring
From the treetops to temper the rays.

As latrobes in the cold days of winter,
Giving comfort to one on the side
That is nearest its scorching hot surface,
On the other lets shivers to ride,

So this thing with its swift revolutions,
Gives cool breeze to one side of our form,
While the side that is turned from the spinner
Is most always quite painfully warm.

But away to the fans that are waving,
The trees, with their fanlets, the leaves,
That give breezes to cool all the landscape,—
Our anatomy, comfort receive.

Then away to the porch, to the lakeside,
To the grove, to the shady lane;
Then away with the spinner, electric,
Let us hie where heat tortures may wane.

LINES ON THE ST. JAMES A. M. E. CHURCH, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

St. James, disciple, much beloved,
Of mind and temper fair,
Who, 'mid the troublous trials, sore,
Was e'er a solace there,
For Christ, with anguish wracked and worn,
And of all joys, deprived and shorn.

Beloved Saint, whom Christendom
Admires and showers with praise,
For thy consoling comfort given,
Kind heart and genial ways,
For thee, our church, sacred and dear,
We beautify, and name it, here.

St. James, God's Zion, where we feed
For Christian culture, good,
On holy meat from His own word,
The Christian's daily food;
That he may culture crowned be,
From earth's low ways, be ever free.

St. James, Christ's temple by the sea,
A tower for truth and right,
And honesty, a trinity
That wields such power and might;
And lifts those people's thoughts toward Heaven,
Whose souls are touched with that sweet leaven.

St. James, our tabernacle, where,
When floods of sin may roll,
And threaten to engulf a land,
And reap their heavy toll,
We seek thee, in our dire distress,
And flee from worldly wickedness.

St. James, for spiritual joy and love,
And wisdom's wealth, a source,
Full, plenteous store of doctrines pure,
Where all may have recourse:
Ethereal beams through windows blend,
And rays of joy to bowed hearts send.

St. James, the Church, and may she stay,
Forever by the strand,
And spread true Christian comeliness,
Here, there, on every hand,
And make the young and old to yearn
To enter in and culture learn.

IN THE RING.

O, you people, you are dense, indeed,
To think that I would dare
Sidestep the sweet sensations of the
Presidential chair,
Had I a chance to get it,—no!
But what I meant to give
To understand I did not want the
Terms consecutive.

I've thrown my hat into the ring,
And now I've followed, too,
E'en though you people,—blind, so blind,—for
Fighting thought me through.
My hat is in, and I am in,
And I am in to stay,
Till the voting in Chicago tells us
Who has won the day.

SEASHORE SCENES.

Just from the tenor of the title I have taken,
One might think a canvas white before him spread,
And on it artist's workmanship before him,
Or picture gall'ries, new, be visited.

Perhaps he'd think we'd chambers weird to visit
Which are pointed off to suit each sense of taste,
In which are living pictures, recreations
Of seaside scenes, experienced, while lasts

The season, while we're at the seashore gathered,—
No, dear friends, for no such art is mine:
I outline roughly, in word pictures, merely,
So faint, what were more so in painted line.

Amusedly we view our dainty lady,
Bountiful with name oft misapplied,
Attired in costumes bright, or grand, or gaudy,
With extra forms and movements,—fashion's guide.

And Mr. Miser also shows his nature;
Often much droll humor he, around, displays,
In search of privilege, monopolistic
Of earth, and air, and ocean, and always

Of'ring the slightest merest compensation
To those who've thoughtfully performed their best
To try to please demands so proud, and pond'rous
Propensities, pragmatical,—a jest.

With short and solid stature, very sturdy,
We see him, full and funny, flushed of face,
He's one who needs a disposition, clearly
Diff'rent, to afford him any grace.

Bankers and business men affairs relinquish,
They agree, "A little nonsense, now and then,"
After working hard and well, their tasks all plying,
Earning rest, "is relished by the wisest men."

Many youths, away from desks and shops, and factories,
Run down, a little outing here to spend:
They pass their time with profit getting respite,
To wind goes dignity till season's end.

Parading up and down the boardwalk, crowded,
The summer girl,—a fashion plate, demure,
Is sparking, sparkling, frequently flirtatious,
To outshine all, some giddy youth to lure.

And silhoutted 'gainst the broad horizon,
Upon the sandy beach, just off the strand,
Umbrella's spread to shade, not from sun only,
But from the gazing eyes of strollers, and

It tells of lovers sitting under, asking,
"What say the wild waves?" as they're rolling on:
But, really, all the message those two gather
Is only what those lovers think upon.

"Too cold the day seems," say chronic complainers.
No doubt, next day, complain they, "It's too hot!"
Where e'er they go they always find some feature
Or condition to subtract joys of the spot.

They never see behind those shadows of un-
Looked-for cold or torrid heat, one way to turn
Their fuss and unnecessary complainings
To joyous 'suits, thus satisfaction earn.

But pass we by these characters to notice
More scenes abounding in some wit and fun,
When, in the dining hall, folks are assembled
And the accommodating waiters run

This way and that, serving the patrons gathered
With viands rich and dishes rare to see,
Until, with startling crash and screams appalling,
Nought short of nation's collapse must be:

Dismemberment! the great downfall of Turkey,
Withal, the crushing overflow of Greece,
And next, this waiters' breaking up of China
Makes Italy's unhappy plight increase.

To change:—upon the boardwalk are things fancy,
And rare creations on shop counters lie,—
A tempting show, and, viewed by every passer,
Who must yield payment often running high,

For some small trifle which is always subject
Of explanations, mostly fabulous,
About its origin and worth and specie,
By salesmen, clever and industrious.

These things and more, had we but time to view them,
Are at the seashore to be seen, where meet
All jolly folks on pleasure bent excursions,
Who spend and spend for one glad season's treat.

TO MY WIFE.

Essence of purity, true love, and grace,
Filled with great goodness, which beams from thy face,
Christlike in patience, devotion and truth,
Sweet wife, with these, thou wast filled from thy youth.

Loving companion, whose presence brings light;—
Absent, leaves sorrow, but memories, bright:
Yet, while I pine for thy real self, my love,
Faith makes my heart, mind and soul soar above.

O'er all attractions that this world can give,
Sweetest communion is with thee to live:
In corporeal absence is that oneness of heart
God's care will bless, although long kept apart.

Love, in my wholesouled devotion, believe
You, in my hopes, prayer, and thoughts, e'er receive,
To God, commendation, for keeping and care,
Know I, in His mercy, He'll answer my prayer.

OUR FLAG

Its Meaning and Inspiration.

Within our land, most ev'rywhere, we see unfurled to-day
  Old Glory, in its splendor bright:
  "Brave heart," says red; "Be pure," says white;
"Be true," fields azure say.

This ensign, with its colors bold, has waved o'er land and sea:
  Brave sailors bore its glowing fold;
  Our regiments, sore under mold,
Cheered this flag of the free.

At Whitehav'n, 'twas, to Jones, a gleam to lead into a fray,
  Where, at each moment, it would seem
    That danger,—death,—in fire or steam,
His ships would bear away.

To Perry, hero of the Lake, a beacon bright it proved;
  He sternly strove, in losses' wake,
  For this dear land and banner's sake,
Till England's pow'r he moved.

Old Glory meant, in '61, "Forward," our heroes black
  Were placed ahead,—no chance to shun
  The fire of many a heavy gun,
And ne'er, through fear, turned back.

Brave Robert Small, on Southern tide, our flag, his shibboleth,
  Own ends entirely cast aside,
  To this, our Union, strove to guide
The *Planter,* though 't meant death.

And now, to-day, grim wars forgot, our flag we honor yet,
  In cohorts, truly patriot,
  With earnest hearts, and faithless not,—
This flag none e'er forget.

We ply our tasks, within these walls, beneath Old Glory's stars,
  While, on our schoolhouse, streaming tall,
  This signal's raised to welcome all,
Learn how break hind'ring bars.

We love our flag, our country, too; we give our hearts and hands;
  Our sphere is small, our service true,
  But, still, we, faithful, yearn to do
Work of Americans.

COLORED MEN'S BRANCH Y. M. C. A. DEDICATION

We welcome, joyously, this day,
And gather, here, we may,
To realize a cherished hope
For our Y. M. C. A.

Begun in Christian fortitude,
With no pretensions, great,
Then, bore she little semblance of
This body's present state.

For meeting place we roamed about
To any welcoming door,
And prayed for patience, fortitude,
And will to hold our poor,

Weak body 'til we stronger grew,—
Enough to get this land
And building reared,—a house, a home,—
So suitable and grand,

All gathered here, in silent joy,
Are warriors, tried and true,
Who, faithful, fought the battle for
This structure, large and new.

In Spirit, aye, are others here,
Who tapped the springs, whence came
Much wherewithal to aid this cause:—
They capped their crowns of fame.

High praises, e'er to Christ, we bring,—
Our helper through the storms,
When, dark and lowering, hung the clouds
Of dread despair's alarms.

Now, as to-day, we dedicate
This rich and stately pile,
We glory in the signs that tell
Of His approving smile.

Arise, young men! press proudly on,
And strive with sturdy zeal
To help Y. M. C. A. to grow,
A power for common weal.

Young men, arise! this day to greet,
And loud hosannas sing
To our association's friend,—
The living, risen King.

PART II

By

P. C. Pinn

THE VISITOR.

Yo' Mandy Belle, stop teasin' Liss!
An' Liss, behave yo'se'f—
Dah, now! Yo' all done woke Lil' Sis—
Yo' plagues me mos' to de'f.
Yo' Calhoun Hickson, drap dat ham!
Ah lay Ah'll tan yo' hide—
An' yo', too, dah, Ah sees yo' Sam,
Nee'n' look so sanctified.
Ah ain' done spread out all dat food
Des fuh yo' lim's' spoht to-day;
De Pahson's in de neighborhood,
Ah'm sho' he'll come dis way.

Come, shoo dem pullets out hyah, Ike,
Doan' be so triflin', chile!
Mandy Belle, hang de gourd up lak'
Yo' foun' it; O, yo' trile!
Sam! Doan' ya' dah! Lil' Sistuh, tek
Yo' foot out y' mouf! Calhoun!
At dat ham ag'in, ha? Ah'll brek
Eb'ry bone in yo' body soon!
Yo'all is de mos' hongries' tribe
Ebbah; yo' stuff an' stuff
An' stuff an' stuff an' sakes alive!
D'ain't no sech word as 'nuff!

Now, whut yo' puttin' on aihs about,
Pearline, a-mopin' dah?
Ah lay Ah'll gib yo' 'scuse to pout—
Sam, did yo' comb dat hah?
Well, den; doan' wall dem eyes at me—
Stop gigglin' Liss! Ump! Oh!
Yo'—yo'—yo' ain' right! Now des see
How yo's tore dat calico!—
Take dat! Calhoun, foh hittin' Sam,
And dat!—now dry up, suh!
An' 'membuh Ah's de one to lam—
Well what jo' snurl him fuh?

Sh! Ike, run an' open de do'!
Melissa, wipe dem eyes—
"W'y, Brudduh Jones! dis heah is sho'
A mos' joyful suhprise!

PSALM OF THE STEAM SHOVEL.

Hail, the morn! the seventh hour!
Loud my joyous summons shrills.
O, how sweet is labor's power!
What joy through me thrills!

Breathing flames, in leash I'm panting
At the good brown dirt to fly;
All the day I will be chanting
New songs to the sky.

Up! lift up! ye everlasting
Toilers, be ye lifted up!
Let me bear your toil and fasting,
Drain your sweatful cup.

Cleaning, drudging, dredging, draining,
E'en the dregs I laughing sup.
I hunger for toil and straining.
Up! lift up! lift up!

Mark my towering frame and shoulder;
Mark my shining steel long arm,
Swinging high a ten-ton boulder,
With such ease and charm.

Mine arm's thickness is four cubits—
Mark its iron-linked wrist:
Half a hillside is crushed to bits
In my mailed fist.

Ho! mark how, with aim unerring,
Doth my mammoth cave claw swoop!
Listen to my engine purring,
While I mountains scoop.

Thus I continents dissever,
Thus hills melt, floods clap their hands;
Thus I oceans join for ever,
Thus bind distant lands.

Up! lift up, ye floods, your voices!
Shout hosannahs, chant your paeans!
Do thou, too, make joyful noises,
My soul in blue jeans!

DUNBAR.

Weep not, he silent sings. He still hath found
His goal. Th' inspired strings, the too high-strung
For earth's dull ears now choir at home among
The dwellers on some higher sphere. O, sound
Celestial! — races twain by concord bound! —
Thus wrought his voice, nor vain heart calls to heart
To find responding overtone: his part
Is done. He sings long as the stars whirl round.
"The Cohn-pone" shall never get cold. Each morn
Its manna shall melt for millions yet unborn.
"Malindy" helps redeem a race from scorn;
Her song shall soar e'er higher, till the horn
Of Gabriel completes the chord. So rings
Our Dunbar's voice. Weep not, he silent sings.

MAMMY'S SONGS.

W'en mammy gets to croonin' some ole-time lullaby,
Hits sweeter dan red-birds spoonin'
In spring-time. Baby with his face
All puckered up fohgets to cry,
An' roun' to'ads huh he peep, den soun' he drap asleep,
A-smilin' full o' grace,
By-an'-by.

But w'en she stahts a-singing' some ole plantation song
With some wile note a-ringin'
An' den some moanin' minuh tone,
'Peah lak dey's sump'n wrong. [d' overseer,
Ol' houn' bristle, growlin' queer, he sees sump'n!—hit's
An' bleedin' slaves dat groan,
"Lawd, how long?"

Sometime mammy git happy, she shout some jubilee den,
She's thinkin' o' po' pappy,
An' o' meetin' him in paradise;
White-winged angels sof' descen'
An' jine in de refrain. W'en mammy lead dat strain,
I fell lak I's — lak I's —
Bohn again.

THE POTTED ROSE AND ROSALIE.

Oh! what a lovely, lovely rose!
Red rose, I'm glad to meet
You. I'm Rosalie. My! you smell sweet!
Guess you's grand as they grows!
An' these are all your babies, hear?
You's these li'l' ones mama—
They cer'nly favor you, ah, ha!
Now, aren't they just too dear!
I like you. Oh, just a-look at this
One! he's your younges' pet,
All green, his eyes aren't open yet,—
I mus' give him a kiss—
Ouch! I forgot all 'bout your teeth,
I wasn't goin' to hurt
Him. Please 'scuse me for bein' pert,
But you's real mean underneath.
But listen, mama rose, you's tame,
Isn't you? Wish I could set
You free! I know you want to get
Out-doors—it's just a shame.
An' I know where there's a wild rose ring,
An' now they're 'sleep, I guess,
'Cuz snow's still on the wilderness,
But they'll wake up, this spring.
They're awful thin an' midgety,
An pink with a golden heart,
But they're so cunnin' an' so smart,
I do wish you was free!
An' they an' the sun-beams love to play
Hi-spy there in the grass,
An' gay times with the winds they pass.
I've joined them many a day,
An' they'd give parties on their lawn
An' 'vite the butterflies,
An' lil' gol' birds with winky eyes
An' honey-bees—such fun!
You's beautiful an' sweet, I guess,
As roses ever grow,
So don't be jealous, please, but, oh,
I love the wild ones bes'!

THEEWARD.

Tumultuous, surging with the springtide flood,
Now pausing, now wildly on again, like one
Distraught, nor heeding e'er the tender green,
Nor o'er his banks the radiant trees that bud
And beckon sympathy, th' enamored brook
Theeward doth run,
Theeward doth look,
Theeward doth dart,
Murm'ring the vision, thy form, he hath seen,
Thy name murm'ring incoherent — so my heart.

Theeward the sculptor lark, lo! how he soars,
Circling the blue empyrean, caroling at
His work of limning in the plastic air
Thy spiral curves, the vision he adores,
Higher, higher caroling thy name in those
So passionate
Arpeggios.
But vain his art
Thy form to limn, and wounded with despair
He flutters down, thee singing — so my heart.

So my heart, racing, soaring, falling, alway
Thy name doth sing. If ever thou layest thine ear
Mine ecstatic breast upon, thy name alone
Shalt hear, thy name alone, for aye, for aye —
My heart a lute to highest tension keyed,
Some string so near
Its long-sung meed
Might snap apart —
Selah! e'en th' E string, sight, I'd nor miss nor moan,
For thy shadow is my light. Theeward throbs my heart.

THE HOPIN' HOSS.

Look a-yonduh! Des' see him fly
Up dah in de w'ite-winged chariet.
Cool as a coocumbuh, dah he set
A-cleavin' th'oo de sky.

But look hyah, honey, doan' yo' spose
To git nowhah des' settin' still,
Dreamin' a li'l' an' schemin' a li'l',
A-ridin' dat hopin' hoss.

Ah hopa may dis, an' Ah hopa may dat,
Ah hopa may draw dat winnin' lebben,
An' Ah hopa when Ah die Ah git to hebben—
Hopin' hoss thow yo' flat!

ATTUCKS.

"Sir, you will hear from us further hereafter,"
Frowning the satrap re-read Attuck's letter.
"This is sedition, sedition!" he muttered,
Then thinking better, he burst into laughter:
Torn, the petition in scraps downward fluttered.
Nor dreamed the Tory what tempest was brewing,
Whatever tempest, nor dreamed he nor cared he,
From Crispus Attucks was brewing—'Twas written!
Else had beware he the Ides of March.— Strewing
Treason, could that ex-slave injure proud Britain?

Seventeen-seventy. March, breathing fury
Bore down on Boston, as if too rebelling.
Like a bull angered at gory invasion,
All red-coats felling, Attucks led his jury,
Led in the vanguard for freedom's salvation.
On to the Custom-House rushed the swart giant,
Forward to King Street, the heart of the old town,
Where the red foemen encamped now stood daring,
Daring the bold town to murmur defiant.
At them the yeomen rushed, freedom preparing.

Red 'gainst the snow shone the uniforms of them,
Bright in the sun rays their bayonets gleaming,
Great Britain's myrmidons held Boston Commons.
Could they be dreaming? Great Heavens, above them!
Here came an army of thirteen! The summons
Rang out clear, "Halt!" The small band did not falter.
Fustian and buckskin made up their apparel;
Clubs were their arms enow, clubs and undaunted
Hearts not to palter when just was their quarrel;
Hearts, freedom's charms beyond life had enchanted.

Loud clanged the church bells, as in war's alarum;
Loud roared the by-standing patriots baiting
Tyranny's band of mute, sullenly wondering
Redcoats; pulsating above all the war hum,
Rang the command of their captain's voice thundering:
"Halt there, you rebels!" The little squad, smiting
Them hip and thigh, charged. The captain said, "Ready!"
Then cried, "Surrender!"—Attucks shouted, "Never!"—
"Aim!" th' other's steady tone, "Fire!" and, so fighting,
Freedom's defender won freedom forever.

TWO VOYAGERS.

Past the casement of my window,
Racing, floating, cruising, drifting,
Sail life's craft;
Merchantmen, all taut and shining,
With a derelict now and then,
Jetsam-doomed.

Mark yon mordant-visaged white-beard
In the chair, steered by an Ethiope,
Stygian-hued.
Mark, approaching from the other,
Wide-eyed, wondering, in his carriage,
Yon fair babe.

See the ancient lift and flutter,
That transparent, trembling hand now,
As they pass.
Ha! the infant waves him back, too,
Cooing back, methinks, his greeting,
"Bon Voyage!"

SLANG.

They ain't my style, that habit gang
That can't exhale 'thout slingin' slang,
And think their gab has the champagne tang
Of George Ade. They gimme the ear-pang.
The other day a gink named Lang
In a spiel said Schiller's "sturmunddrang"—
Well, what if he is? Why use the slang?
I'm graduate of an auto shebang
With an A. B. decree. Why, dang
It, right now my shingle I could hang
"Batchelor of Automobiles," but, thang
Goodness, so far I've never sprang
Such rough stuff even Wu Ting Fang,
Unquestioning, would taboo its twang.
I bet this Schiller guy would bang
That chap in the kisser, kerspang!
If he heard him call him "sturmunddrang."
"Doctor of Letters" they called this Lang,
Rats! he needs to Wileyize his clang.
Slang's past tense of to sling, en fin—
I slang the ball, not bawled the slang.

THE JUMPING GEEARKIN.

Gather 'round, children, gather close and view
The picture of the Jumping Geearkin,
That agile beast whose tongue doth click
With the chirp ne'er-ceasing "Getrichquick."
He'll bite—don't touch, for mercy's sake!
He's the original nature-fake;
All dressed in gilt, but thro' the veil
See the foxy face, the forkéd tail,
Rhinocerous skin, boar's tusks and maw,
Legs like a hare's, but wild-cat claw.
Lambs and donkeys are his chief prey,
With suckers on toast, a la carté.
Ah, children, beware of the gilded brick
And the silvery chirping, "Getrichquick."

THEY KNOW NOT.

Mercy, Master, mercy! Thou rememberest
The dark-haired one who crowned Thee? Immortals! what a jest!
Crowned Thee with the gory nebk—nay, nay, ye grinning ghouls,
Whose skulls e'er mock me, myself I crowned—King of the Fools!
At the Palace—how Pilatius' fatty paunch did shake
With laughter! He himself, e'er greedy for renown,
On a card inscribed my jest and o'er the crown
Of the Blasphemer bade it be placed. "But won't," quoth he,
"Won't Tiberius roar when he hears my latest?" Di!
O, Pontius, thou hast thy renown! But to our feast!
Saturn honoring we were to dine when least
Of shadow Phoebus cast. The atrium was packed.
Like the hum of giant honey-bees attract
To some sweet-scented clover-field the jollities
Rose apace. The frankincense and flowers and spice,
And odors from the steaming viands our nostrils soon
Made drunk with desire. But as the dial marked noon
A sulphurous smell arose! Black night fell like a pall
O'er the earth! A quake like thunder shook us! All
Creation shrieked! And for the moment even I,
Battle-scarred centurion, stood helplessly
Agape. Anon recovering, I shouted loud:
"Saturn is propitious! Light the lights!" The crowd
Soon rallied from their panic. But, meanwhile, I found
Pontius had been ta'en away unconscious in a swound.

Three hours the darkness lasted, but ne'er did we forsake
Our feasting.
I was hero of the hour. Awake
Was I, or dreaming? Dreaming, surely! It can't be true,
How that they all did fawning throng around me, Jew
And Roman vying, and yet, all too distinct and clear
Comes the very feel of the broidery on austere
Sileno's silken tunic, as he threw his arms
Round my neck in gratulation. Aye, e'en now, there swarms
Before my ken the Parian-pillared hall, where shone
Myriad lights; and the swinging censers, every one,
I see, and the tables all, each velvet-covered couch,
Each gay-laughing guest it held at that debauch.

Mercy! Master, mercy! But that feast to forget!
Oh, surely Thou rememberest me there, and yet
Shouldst Thou say, "Depart from hence, I know thee not,"
And, justly, whither should I go? Where make my cot?
Where might rest the soles of my feet out the bond
Of Thine omniscient presence? Thy Prescience beyond,
Where were I, or what?
King of fools! King of fools!
That banquet was my coronation—that sad night
Thou didst hang upon Thy crucial throne, bedight
With diadem of my device, e'en for that same
Master-piece of folly I was crowned with fame
And flowers. Oh, curs'ed be the stock whence came the cross,
That whence came the carven couch, which blasphemous
Did my reclining frame support, and cursed be,
Henceforth and forevermore, the fallen tree
Whose timbers creaked complaint at that o'erladen board!

Th' Orient's rape and rarest spoil of land and sea
Helped furnish fuel for that sheol of revelry:
Nightingale's tongues, sturgeon roe, young lampreys, boars'
Brains, with Fabernian pure and Chian with every course.
Thrice the feather-bearing slave disgorged me, thrice
Did I resume my gourmandry and glee, the spice,
Aye, and spirit of the feast, where jest and quip,
Like to a weaver's shuttle, flew from lip to lip.
Starless night without, within vast lights did pour
Libations to Saturn, while we talked the omens o'er.
Suddenly we hushed; then, all as one man, cheered
And clapped our hands, as leaped upon a table cleared
Lalagé—clad in her knee-long golden hair,
Entwined with chains of poppies—Lalagé the fair!
'Twas the love-chain dance—by Bacchus—how she danced!
E'en the lyre and lute-players silent fell, entranced.

Wild, we drank to her. Then flashed before my sight,
I know not why, the Flesh skewered out there in the night;
And when Appius Scabo, all flushed with Surrentine,
Burst forth, challenging me for a toast, the Chian,
High-held, I shouted, "Here's to the King of the Jews!"
In a great storm of mirth we drank, and lo! transfuse
The wine did taste like blood! like blood did taste the wine!
So the obscene communion damned this tongue of mine—
Even while we drank, the darkness lifted; more bright
Than any day I've seen before, or since the light
From without made dim the lights within. No one
Dreamed, at that very moment Thy passion was done,
Thy cup drained! How could we know? How could we know?
How could a wine-goblet contain the ocean's flow?
Vaunt! ye jackal skulls, who round me alway dance,
Intoning: "Sin is folly, folly, ignorance—
Lost, forever lost, who sin 'gainst the Holy Ghost!"

* * * * * *

Thou knowest, Thou who knowest all, forgive, forgive!
O. clease my blaspheme-blighted brain that I may live!
Cleanse this sacrilegious tongue, this heart, these hands
Which thrust the thorns upon Thy brow, cleanse from their brands!
Hear my soul's cry, Master! Thou wilt surely heed,
Who givest us to know, according to our need;
Thou alone compréndeth all; pardon, I pray;
Upon the cross I heard Thee when Thou thus didst say:
"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."
I heard nor understood, but Thine eyes pierced me through.
Evermore, like living stars, those yearning eyes,
Their orbit in my brain hold through the centuries;
Still their vestal flames eternal vigil bear
Upon my fleeing thoughts, my anguish, my despair.
Better stern accusing were the starry twain!
But ever-yearning—O, take those eyes from out my brain!

Pity, Master, pity! Let me chant Thy praise,
Remove those yearning stars from me and all my days
I will praise Thee and repeat a litany:
Peccavi, peccavi, peccavi, peccavi.
Multitudinous my haunting agonies
Surge plain before Thine inextinguishable eyes;
Thou knowest when first I chained me to the gibbering ghouls,
Who madding dance, nor cease to hail me, "King of Fools,
King of those who think they know, but they know not."
That day at the Coliseum when I said, chain
The Christian to the lion's tail, how the profane
Rabble whooped to see eftsoons the roaring beast,
Distraught, around th' arena drag his whilom feast;

Springing now, he missed the throat, but with one paw
The belly gashed, and gushing there th' entrails I saw
Bleeding, quivering, smoking (like unto my brain,
Which peace, which kindly sleep shall never know again—
Cavalry!—like a two-edgéd spiral sword
Doth twist and turn into my brain, for e'er that word!)
As, thumbs down, we gazed, his lips still kept a smile
And his e'er-yearning eyes, like Thine, looked up the while.
Mad-men all, these Christians! Pah!—and yet that light!
I've seen men die for Rome, smiling, their eyes full bright,
But not yearning-luminous like Thine. Avaunt
Erynnees!—"Too late, King Fool!"—what means that taunt?
Nay, too soon my gaoler Nemesis did strip
Me, confiscating mine illusions—O, what whip
Stings like conscience? What chain galls like truth?
Knowledge is a chain, an endless chain of cares,
Whose links of fore-ordaining doom and past despairs
Prison fast the present struggling e'er in vain;
For only fools are care-free, knowledge is a chain.

Only fools are care-free, and I their king—A-a-ah!
What light, what divine radiance o'erfloods my brain?
Master! My Master! I know now I adore
Thee, My Savior! Thee will I serve forevermore,
For I know Thou diedst for me, Thou hast forgiv'n
Me, chiefest of sinners against Thee! I know heav'n
Is Thy love! Yea, I will love, I will serve Thee
And Thine, even our enemies, forevermore.

For forevermore
Thine e'er-yearning eyes illumine me and save,
Oh, keep them, dear Lord, in my brain. How I did rave
Erstwhiles! Keep Thy yearning stars within my brain
To teach me with their light the happiness of pain!
Till, like the sad, impatient Prophets who dream,
Transcending mortal time-span e'en mine eyes shall gleam
With that Pentecostal flame, that Paschal light
Divine.
Light, sweet-linked! Knowledge is a chain of light
Whose starry links of bliss do join an infinite
Anchorage, clasping all to God's heart and throne,
All, e'en the falling stars who know not but are known.

ROSALIE AND DAWN.

Hi-spy for you, there, Dawn, peepin'
Fum beneath that curtain! I caught
You, Miss, ah, ha! jus' as I thought,
You really is the Dawn, I'm Rosalie,
Glad to meet you! I was sleepin'
And I dreamed you'd come to play with me.

Come on in! Your tootsie-wootsies,
Like fairies on the sill, I see
Them. O' you can't fool Rosalie!
Dad says your daddy is the Night—
Does he take a-hol' those pink footsies
While on his knee he hugs you tight?

"This little pig went to market,
This little one stayed at home"—does yo'
Daddy carry on that way? So
Does mine. I've seen the Night toss you high
An' catch you in his arms so dark. Bet
You touched the blue ceiling of the sky.

O, let me raise that sash above. The
Window's so small—can you squeeze through?
Gracious alive! How fast you do
Grow, and fairer each moment. Say,
Dawn, I think you have such lovely
Play-things. Mos' all alive, ain't they?

Birds and roosters, and trees and flowers—
"If you's the lady I take you to be
Don't laugh when I tickle you on the knee!"—
Tra, la! you laughed! your breath does smell
Too sweet and fresh, like April showers.
You can't help dimplin' an' smilin'? Do tell!

Come on, le's play ring-aroun'-Rosie,
But you's so quick an' bright an' wide!
O, yes! beneath the bed—I'll glide
Out the ring. D-r-r-ring!—those old alarms—
Aren't they too horrid! Wait, I'll go see—
It's Day, your ma! fly to her arms!

THE BASS.

Oh, my beauty, Oh, my brave one!
  Thou'rt hooked! Five pounds, as I am a sinner!
  And cooked thou shalt be for my dinner.
Ho! by Crikey! see the knave run!

Forty yards of silken thread, sir,
  Thou'st got, thin as of spider's weaving—
  Eh, what? Wouldst thou be for deceiving,
Sulking as if thou wert dead there.

H't! the reel sings, rod goes double!—
  Would'st fight, my tiger strong and steady?
  Alright: thou sure shall find me ready
For the fifteen minutes trouble.

Break! my shining black and gold king,
  Snow white beneath, all iridescent,
  With light clad, jewel-dripping crescent—
Firm-leashed, the silver cord is holding.

Chicken's good, but Oh, thou black bass!
  In reach! There's nothing now can save thee,
  Thou peach! Thou sure wert fighting bravely—
Darn! broke loose! Ain't I the jackass!

ROSALIE VERSUS NIETZSCHE.

Do listen, dolly! las' night,
After ma tucked me in tight,
  An' kissed me an' lef';
Well, I got up an' stole down
To daddy's den in my gown,
  Jus' holdin' my bre'f.
An' I creeped up 'hin' his chair
On my tiptoes, and an' right there,
  Sudden, like this,
I throwed my arms 'roun' his head,
Blin'foldin' him, an' I said,
  Who's here for a kiss?

An', did you ever? right off
He guessed 'twas me, with a laugh,
  An' dropped his ol' book
An kissed me an', "twas too bad
I stopped you fu n readin', dad,"
  I said, "lemme look."
Dolly, 'twas the kin' of name
You have to sneeze (it's a shame),
  An' daddy, he said,
It is a book 'bout the soul,
Pet, an' now, mamma will scol',
  So run long to bed."
"O, dad," I said, "lemme tell
Where the souls come fum that dwell
  In li'l' babies fum birth;
That's what becomes of the bref
The Good Lord breaves, when it's lef'
  Him, we get souls on earth.
An' daddy jus' grabbed me right
Straight up an' ever so tight
  He hugged me a heap
An' kissed me, s-ilin' queer—come,
Dolly, dear, don't look so dumb—
  I believe you's asleep!

GLEAMS IN THE NIGHT.

Still upward, ever forward, to the goal,
Up through the seventh hell of cold and night;
Of cold that outburns flame and pitch-black light,
Through silences which shriek beyond control
For loneliness; past where a Dantes' soul
Might dare in dream explore, the North Star bright,
A child chose of the tropics to invite,
Till, at his captain's side, he gained the Pole.

So, through the dark and wilderness and strife,
And perils on the bergs of the frozen sea,
O'er which must tug and strain humanity,
Ere conquering the spiral Alps of life—
So doth the star of conscience guide our stress,
Till, by its gleam, we find true happiness.

JOHN BROWN.

And still th' eternal spiral will repeat
His course—but yesterday the prophet slain,
The miracle to-day—see how the chain
Of slavish iron as free-earned gold doth greet
Th' oppressed; and more their guerdon to complete,
Behold transformed the ertswhile lash's bane,
A pennant fair, which no worse shall contain
Than aspiration altogether meet.

And meet it is, children of song and toil,
That high ten million grateful voices ring
Out, Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Sing,
O, children, conquerors of muck and moil,
Forget things earthly, while with song we crown
Th' e'er-marching dreamer who dreamed true—John Brown.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, Miss Caroline, Ah trus'
  Yo' enjoyed yo'se'f alright—
Dat Linkins gal? Ah thought Ah'd bus'—
  She was a sight!

Dese big-foot gals wan't nevuh meant
  To weah no hobblety skite.
But 'deed Ah'm mighty glad Ah went
  Wid you—good night.

What's dat, Miss Caroline? now hesh!
  Why, she can't hol' a light
To yo', foh a fac', she's mos' too fresh:
  Well, ah, good night.

Oh, by de way, Miss Caroline,
  Ah seen yo' dance to-night
Wid dat Like Watts, don' Ike dance fine?
  "Jes to be polite"?

"Bow-laigéd runt"? hyah! hyah! Ca'line!
  But don' de moon shine bright,
An' don' dat honey-suckle vine
  Smell sweet to-night?

'Peah lak mah feet is glued heah, sho'—
Ah'd call widout invite—
'Scuse me, Ca'line, Ah, jes had toh
Steal dat—good night.

Don' look at me lak dat! yo' spell
Done sholy boun' me tight—
Yo' li'l' chocolate caramel!
'Fess up, dis night!

Say, yo' heaht's signin', yo' heaht's replyin'
To mah heaht's lovin' plight,
Two heahts a-laffin', two heahts a-cryin'
Wid all deir might!—

Dah, now! Yo mammy callin' fit
To rouse de daid—alright,
But once mo', Ca'line, whispuh it—
Sweetheaht—good night.

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